

Southwest Sentinel.

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SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1894.

NO. 4.

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each month, at hall of I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 15,
over Post Office.
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to attend.
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San Vicente Lodge, No. 9, meets every
Monday night at Old Fellows' hall. Visiting
brothers invited.
A. D. ROSS, N. G.
J. J. KELLY, Sec.
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Silver City Chapter, No. 8, at Masonic
hall, opposite the court house, the third
evening of each month. All communications
invited to attend.
M. V. COX, H. P.
HARRY W. LUCAS, Sec.
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Silver City Lodge, No. 8, meets at Masonic
hall, opposite the court house, the third
evening of each month. All communications
invited to attend.
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month, at Old Fellows' hall. Visiting knights
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Services at the church, Broadway, near
Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and
7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Rev. W. B. FRYER, A. M., Pastor.
CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
Held in the Lutheran Mission room. Ser-
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and careful attention. Gold and Silver Bullion
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mail promptly attended to.
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Corner Broadway and Texas
streets.
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
JOHN CARSON, Proprietor.

IT RAINS.
It rains.
And the leaves fall thick and fast.
As the tongs are bent in the autumn blast
The sparrows hover 'neath sheltering eaves,
And the voice of the wind is like one who
grieves.
It rains.
And the team goes not afield.
To seed the earth for another yield.
The farmer sits by the kitchen fire,
And smokes his pipe to soothe his ire.
It rains.
And the fire burns cheerful and bright,
As the wind whistles in the chimney tight.
And she smiles as the lampflame glimmers o'er
Her babes at play with their toys on the floor.
It rains.
And with voice with emotion choked,
A mother, in garments tattered and soaked,
Drags her weary feet with trembling tread
To beg for her darling a morsel of bread.
It rains.
And the sailor's wife is sad,
As the gull shrieks like a demon mad,
And a prayer ascends to the great white throne,
"Oh, Father, leave me not alone!"
It rains.
And the tattered old man groans,
Their dreary bones o'er a new made grave,
And the grief-stricken hearts burst forth again,
As they think of the loved one in the rain.
It rains.
—A. Willis Lightbourne.
A NAIL IN HER BRAIN.
Kansas Furnishes What Is Said to Be the
Most Remarkable Case on Record.
For six weeks Mrs. Frank Roadson of
Athens lived with a sixpenny nail in her
skull. Remarkable as this story may
seem, it is nevertheless true, and Mrs.
Roadson, who is in her fifty-fifth year,
will recover from this terrible ordeal.
About eight weeks ago a physician was
called to see her, she being apparently
suffering from paralysis or some kindred
trouble. One side seemed deadened, and
no amount of will power on her part
could cause normal action. Electric bat-
teries were applied repeatedly, and ef-
forts were made to induce the paralyzed
nerves to act once more, but with little
avail, until the physician, thinking per-
haps better results might be attained, or-
dered her thick hair cut off.
She objected, but it was done, and on
examination a sore spot was discovered
with the head of a nail imbedded there-
in upon the very crown of her head. An
operation was performed, and to the
surprise of the physicians present a six-
penny nail 2 inches long was removed.
It had penetrated straight into the brain
its full length, and an abscess had
formed upon the brain because of its
presence there. Two days later another
operation was performed, the abscess
was removed, and the patient is getting
along well, apparently about to regain
full control of her muscles.
The most remarkable part of this
strange story was the discovery of the
cause of its being there. At first she
stoutly denied any knowledge of it being
there, but at last admitted that she had
herself driven the nail into her skull,
pounding it down with a stone, for the
express purpose of ending her life. Physi-
cians say this is the rarest case re-
corded on record.—Topska Special to St.
Louis Republic.
EXHIBITS HIS HEART.
This is the subject of a Peculiar
Surgical Operation Done.
Physicians of this city are receiving
visits from an unfortunate citizen of Bu-
falo who has had a peculiar experience.
Recently he called on a professor in the
College of Physicians and Surgeons, who
explained to a reporter yesterday the con-
dition of his visitor as follows:
"The man had a disease of the chest
some time ago and was operated upon by
a physician in Buffalo, who found it nec-
essary to remove a part of the chest on
the left side, exposing the heart. The
wound healed, but the opening remained,
so that now there is a considerable hole
in his chest. There is of course some
covering of skin over the heart, otherwise
the man could not have survived, but the
action of the heart is observable, and one
can put his hand through the opening in
the chest and feel the heart at work."
The professor was unwilling to say
much about the case, which he said was
of special interest only to medical men.
He said it was an extraordinary case
and was worthy of being made the sub-
ject of a medical treatise. He under-
stood that the man was traveling about
the country exhibiting himself to physi-
cians for a small consideration.
"He came to me," he added, "and I
examined him and gave him a small
sum. He then went away, and I do not
know where he is now."
Another physician said that the hole
was about 8 inches square and that three
ribs had been cut in the operation. He
said also that an opening similar to the
one in the chest existed in the man's
back, under the heart.—New York Sun.
What Was It?
A dispatch says a curious phenomenon
was seen in the heavens by citizens of
Wilmington, N. C., from 6:30 to 7 o'clock
the other morning. It made a great
light, but no one seems able to deter-
mine just what it was. Some describe
it as a meteor and others as a comet.
One eyewitness says it had the appear-
ance of a large star with a tail, which
to the naked eye seemed about 100 yards
long. The end of it finally burst, leav-
ing a trail of fire of many beautiful
colors.
A colored astronomer says he saw the
letters "W. W. W." distinctly outlined,
while another says that the word "Pre-
pare" was there as plain as day.
Notable Depression in Berlin.
The Berliner Zeitung enlarges upon
the present condition of starvation in
German industries. Workshops which
usually furnish employment to 30 men
have been obliged to reduce their forces
to two. The depression is felt most ac-
utely in the building trades, including
carpenters and cabinetmakers, but it also
extends to others. The Christmas sales
are reported by the shopkeepers to be
small beyond parallel, only the cheapest
goods finding buyers.
Can't Get Married at Home.
A Situation Which Is Causing Distressed
Couples Considerable Annoyance.
A young man and a young woman
came over the line from New Brunswick
the other day and were married here,
says a Galois correspondent of the Bos-
ton Herald. They had no difficulty in
finding a minister to unite them, al-
though they very frankly explained that
they couldn't have got married in their
native place in New Brunswick.
The reason for this seeming anomaly
lies in the fact that Governor Boyd of
New Brunswick is dead, and that every
marriage license must be signed by the
governor to be legal. It is true, that it
was Governor Boyd's custom, as by
statute he was authorized to do, to sign
quantities of these licenses in blank and
to distribute them to the various officers
throughout the province whose business
it is to attend to such things, but that
in circumstances required.
Now, there is a very fine legal point
involved. The question is whether, dur-
ing the interregnum caused by Governor
Boyd's death and until the Dominion
government appoints his successor, these
marriage licenses signed by Governor
Boyd are good. Can they be used until
a new governor is sent down, or are they
useless as not bearing the signature of
the actual governor of the province?
This is what is agitating the minds of
the New Brunswick lawyers, and es-
pecially of the betrothed couples. They
may indeed adopt the old-fashioned
method of calling the banns, but that
takes time, and time counts when the
wedding day is set and the invitations
are out.
Perhaps they had best do as the af-
forementioned couple did—go to Canada,
and thus make assurance doubly sure.
BIMETALLISM IN ENGLAND.
Lord Salisbury's Recent Speech and What
It Is Thought to Foretell.
Lord Salisbury's speech in the upper
house during the debate on Indian finance
is regarded as a definite pronouncement
in favor of international bimetalism. It
is possibly destined to have momentous
consequences. Sanguine bimetalists pre-
dict the early inclusion of their currency
scheme as a plank of the orthodox Tory
platform, but that a scarcely probable
until the numerous Tory monetarists have
been converted.
The subject acquired considerable
prominence in the Acreington election
contests, but that is scarcely to be won-
dered at, because Lancashire has long
been the stronghold of bimetalism.
Even the Liberal newspapers of that
county are compelled, owing to the pres-
sure of local opinion, to keep an open
mind on currency matters, and some of
them at present are giving considerable
space to the discussion of the silver prob-
lem.
The Liverpool Post, an influential Lib-
eral organ, gave prominent notice of the
speech of B. W. Partridge of Monticello
with the above title. In it he describes
the effect of the drought of 1891 on Lake
Michigan, one of the largest lakes in
middle Florida, when about 4,000 acres
of water became dry land for a spell.
The rainy season of 1892 filled it with
water again.
Mr. Partridge conceived the idea that
the lake could be drained by boring holes
in its bottom and organized a company
to try it.
Experts were engaged to examine and
report on the plan, and the result was
that the company has bored a number of
holes in the bottom of Lake Michigan,
and the water is rushing down through
them via a subterranean passage to the
gulf. In a few months they expect to
permanently drain the lake and thus re-
cover 10,000 acres of valuable land.
An Artist In Snow.
A young artist of Boston, after the re-
cent snowstorm in that city, made a
snow model in one of the public squares
that attracted much attention. It rep-
resented a girl dressed in the height of
fashion, standing with her arms folded.
At her feet crouched a bulldog. The fig-
ure was modeled in elaborate detail,
and though the thaw destroyed some of
the fine lines, the snow model was pre-
served. A young Swede, John Jenson,
was the sculptor; he spent about three
hours on the work. He is hoping for
another snowstorm to enable him to put
up a snow statue of some prominent
Bostonian on the Common.—Boston
Correspondent.
Mixed The Hides.
While two wedding processions were
fighting for the road at one of the gates
of Hallowell the chairs holding the brides
got mixed and each lady was taken to
the wrong bridegroom. The gentlemen
never having seen their brides before,
according to Chinese custom, knew no
mistake until the mothers of the brides
came to call upon them. Then it was
found that one of the brides, who was
rich and intended for a rich husband,
had been taken to the head of a very poor
man. The problem remains unsolved.—Har-
row Correspondent.
John J. Ingalls.
Ingalls looked more attenuated than
ever when he made his address in Kansas
City the other day. His long frock coat,
closely buttoned, accentuated the gam-
eness of his figure, and this, with the
streaks of white in his hair, made him
appear to be "a companion between an
illuminated spook and an animated
moonbeam." The ex-statesman is said
also on this occasion to have resembled
his cartoons more than his portraits.—
New York World.
Buried Under His Snow House.
Charles Fremont, aged 11 years,
was playing recently in a snow house
near his residence, 116 St. Martin street,
Montreal, when it collapsed, and he was
buried in the snow. His companions
ran away and left him. When he was
digged out, after lying there for eight hours,
he was nearly frozen, and besides a broken
leg he was injured internally. He
died from his injuries.—Toronto Globe.

A BRAVE WOMAN.
How She Rescued Her Husband From the
Vengeance of a Puma.
Jabez English, a sheep herder of this
neighborhood, was engaged in building
a cabin home, his former one having
been destroyed by fire a week or two
ago, and was busily at work on its roof,
when he saw an animal steal out of the
woods hard by and fling itself upon the
pail containing his dinner of cold boiled
bacon and bread.
He recognized this animal as a puma,
or mountain lion, but thinking he might
frighten it away, threw his plate at it.
The tool struck the animal on the head,
cutting it badly and rendering the crea-
ture furious. It rushed at the structure
on the peak of which the herder sat and
tried to leap up to him. But this was
not to be done, and after several at-
tempts the lion abandoned it and pro-
ceeded to devour the food, growing fur-
iously and showing its teeth.
The man, having no weapon and being
out of reach of any one to whom he might
call, could only sit still and wait for the
puma to become tired of the watch or
for deliverance. Night at last came on,
and still he did not dare venture to quit
his perch, though it was an odd task he
feared that he would freeze before morn-
ing. In the meantime his wife, who was
in Santa Ana, a little mountain hamlet
of the valley, grew uneasy about him,
and with a lantern started to look for
him. It was too dark for English to see
her, but the lion did, and made for her
with a scream of rage.
As the great beast came leaping at her
out of the darkness she dashed the lan-
tern full in its face. The puma, startled,
gave way, and English, guessing who the
newcomer was, shouted to her to run
back to the village. She turned to do so,
but the puma was after her, and she was
obliged to wheel about every few feet
and shake the lantern in its face again.
The animal would recede at this, and each
time gave her a few moments to run on.
In this way she made her way to Santa
Ana, screaming as she neared it. "A
lion! a lion!" until some of the men of
the village, hearing her, armed them-
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